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LUDHIANA:—February 22nd, 1907.

No. 8

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Feb. 14.

The battleship *Commonwealth* sustained damage on the star-board side in the collision and the *Albemarle* damaged her bows. While manœuvring northward of Lisbon in bad weather the *Albemarle* collided with the *Commonwealth* but the damage is not serious.

London, Feb. 13.

The *Larchmont* passengers passed the night in their night-dresses in an open boat and on rafts. The shore was in the morning best strewn with blocks of ice encasing corpses. The survivors are scarcely alive.

London, Feb. 14.

Mr. Rees asked for a relaxation of the veto on entering Tibet from India in view of travellers' having no difficulty in entering from China or Russia.

Mr. Morley said that for political and diplomatic reasons the prohibition was still in force and there was not sufficient ground for reconsidering the matter for the present nor for a period which was not likely to be unlimited.

Mr. Morley said that China had increased the duty on native opium to 114 taels which is above the duty on imported opium. His Majesty's Government are considering proposals for a corresponding enhancement of the latter.

London, Feb. 15.

The Newfoundland Assembly has adopted an address to Lord Elgin protesting in the strongest terms against the *modus vivendi* with the United States and objecting to any renewal.

Calcutta, Feb. 15.

News has just been reached in Calcutta of the foul murder of an indigo planter at the hands of a body of tribesmen on the Nepal Frontier. The victim is Mr. R. Bloomfield, of the Telhara Factory. It appears that Mr. Bloomfield had gone out with his factory drills to sow some lands with indigo when he was suddenly set upon by a number of natives and was beaten to death. The District Superintendent of Police at Mozurferpur has gone to the spot to make inquiries. Mr. Bloomfield, who was 62 years of age, intended shortly to go to England for a well-earned holiday and had, says the *Empire*, actually booked his passage.

London, Feb. 16.

Mr. Balfour, banquetted by the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations in London, congratulated them on the completion of the final stages of party reorganisation ending a period of divisions of opinion.

The future, he said, was full of hope. There were unmistakable signs of a coalescence of Unionist opinion in favour of a safe and sober policy and of fiscal reform.

London, Feb. 17.

Three of the regicide officers attacked two Deputies with swords in the streets of Belgrade. A fierce fight ensued wherein a Deputy dangerously wounded.

London, Feb. 16.

The Nawab of Bahawalpur died aboard the *Shahzaf* shortly after leaving Aden. The steamer returned to Aden where the body was embalmed and restarted for Bombay yesterday evening.

London, Feb. 17.

A telegram from Washington states that the Senate has adopted the amended Immigration Bill without a division. The difficulty with Japan is thereby settled, the Californians having agreed to admit Japanese children to white schools immediately the Bill is passed.

London, Feb. 16.

The agreement for the construction of the Laokai-Yunnansen railway has been signed in Paris by the Government and the Indo-Chinese Railway Company.

London, Feb. 17.

Fehim Pasha, whom a special commission has been trying at Constantinople, at the instance of Germany, for many acts of tyranny and corruption, has been exiled. He has embarked for Mudania on the Marmora Sea.

London, Feb. 18.

Dr. Macnamara, who is succeeding Mr. Runciman as Under-Secretary to the Local Government Board, speaking at Scunthorpe indicated that the Government would lay on the table a resolution depriving the Lords of the right to veto a Bill which had passed the Commons in two consecutive sessions.

He personally believed that before many years there would be no legislators who had not derived a commission from the electors.

On Saturday four coaches on the electric suburban express on the New York Central Railroad while going at seventy miles an hour mainly occupied by ladies returning from *matinees*, were derailed and overturned and dragged for a quarter of a mile on their sides. Twenty-five people were killed, mostly through falling through the lower windows and being ground to pulp between the cars and the earth. Seventy-six were injured.

The steamships *Heliopolis* and *Orianda* collided in a storm in the Bristol Channel and the latter vessel sank. Of her crew of nineteen fourteen were saved.

London, Feb. 19.

The *Times* St. Petersburg correspondent telegraphs that negotiations between Russia, Britain and Japan are progressing in a highly satisfactory manner, which explains the reports in Russian newspapers of an impending agreement between the three Powers.

Telegrams from Washington state that the House of Representatives has also adopted the amended Immigration Bill.

The State department is preparing to resume negotiations with Japan for the regulation of immigration which are expected to result in Japan withholding passports from coolies.

The basis of the arrangement between President Roosevelt and the Californians provides that all children of alien races under sixteen years of age may be admitted to white schools.

Bombay, Feb. 19.

News from a reliable but unofficial source says that Ranjitsinghji's claim to the Jamnagar *gadi* has been recognised.

Bombay, Feb. 19.

The Amir is so pleased with his experience in Bombay that he will not leave on Wednesday. He may go either on Friday or Monday. This will make it difficult to give the actual period of his sojourn in India. He will arrive at Dacca on the day originally fixed and all the intervening stages between Bombay and Peshawar will be cut out from the programme. From Peshawar he will ride through to Dacca without halt. He has also expressed a desire to visit India without ceremony next year.

EDITORIAL NOTES

(Concluded from Feb. 15)

A somewhat different phase of the same subject is presented by the great criminal trial of Mr. Thaw, now in progress in New York.

A number of years ago in the city of Pittsburgh there lived a merchant of unimpeachable character and generous disposition. He passed his life quietly, and in every way as a Christian gentleman should do. When he came to die, he left a fortune which, though not the greatest, was at least one of the largest in that city of wealth. His widow was known as one of the most generous supporters of the church and a contributor to all sorts of worthy causes. Still it is not at all likely that the name of Thaw was known far outside the little circle of family friends, and those who were benefitted by this gracious charity. A record of the life of the late Mr. William Thaw might have helped many a young man starting in business, but no one thought it worth while to write such an account, and probably very few would have read it had it been written. The story of the undistinguished but upright merchant would have excited very little interest.

A few months ago, a son of this man startled the world by committing a crime. He shot another man for a reason which, whether true or not, indicates a condition of affairs in the private life of both murderer and victim that causes one to turn from them with loathing. Now what do we observe? Every detail of the trial of this unworthy son of the Christian merchant is being telegraphed across the world. People in England and India who never heard of Mr. and Mrs. William Thaw will be furnished daily with every item of news that can be found out regarding the vile career of two men and one woman, who deserve nothing better than the profoundest obscurity in which they can be placed. What a commentary on the civilized condition of the modern world!

Not long ago the editor came across the following little poem by a Mr. Lavelly.

UNFULFILLED.

"The sweetest songs are never sung;
The fairest pictures never hung;
The fondest hopes are never told—
They are the hearts most treasured gold.
For in the country of the heart,
There is a realm from this apart,
Whose pictures are too pure for earth,
Whose language is of heavenly birth."

There is a truth in these words, but it is an imperfect truth. Christianity means the making *real* of all that the Spirit reveals to us as an *ideal*. The beautiful pictures hung in the galleries of our minds, the sweet songs sung into

our souls' ears are to be reproduced by us in our lives. Otherwise our religion becomes as useless as any other beautiful but ineffectual ethical system.

The following very important notice appears in the Assembly Herald, the official organ of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. Let us pray very earnestly for the success of this unique convention.

An Inter-Synodical Foreign Missionary Convention for Men.

A great inter-synodical convention for men from the fifteen central Synods of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A., and the men of the Cumberland Synod, together with 100 special representatives from the other Synods and Foreign field, is called to meet in Omaha, Nebraska, February 19-21, 1907. The purpose of the convention is to consider *the distinct missionary responsibility of the men of the Presbyterian Church for the unevangelized heathen world*.

This year the Foreign Boards of the various denominations are preparing estimates of the distinct Foreign Missionary responsibility of each denomination. Our own Presbyterian Board has reached conclusion on this subject sufficiently definite to make it obligatory and mandatory upon the Church to undertake immediately to adjust itself to a Foreign Mission policy far more stupendous and heroic than the Church has ever before faced. In the light of its new missionary obligations and opportunities, new considerations and consecrations are absolutely necessary.

The convention will be self-sustaining and self-entertaining. No other kind would assure the results desired, or be worthy the importance of the business in hand or the dignity of the men who are needed to advance it. Arrangements have been made whereby delegates may secure entertainment at hotels, boarding-houses and private homes at very reasonable rates. A special rate of one fare and one-third on the certificate plan will be granted by all roads in the convention territory.

The convention will be a delegated body. Delegates will fill out an application card provided for the purpose and forward it to the Secretary of Executive Committee, together with \$1.00, the registration fee, for which a Credential Card will be issued. The registration fee of \$1.00 is charged in order that the expense of the convention may be provided in a business-like way, in harmony with the spirit and dignity of the convention, without drafting the community or drawing on the Foreign Board.

Omaha will not only furnish the place of meeting, but give all necessary attention to the local details and needs of the convention. The registration will be limited to sixteen hundred men, the seating capacity of the auditorium to be used. This will allow an average of about 100 men from each of the fifteen Synods. The probability is that some of the Synods adjacent to Omaha will demand a larger number than the above average, but no Synod should be

ambitious to which has for organization human beings S. A., as he this general 100 men from

We believe that He only marvelous who read the remember vention.

All come be addressed Mr. B. M. the undersigned In behalf

1. We other Evangel any other sentence w of death, H for His mo give them, Here was t forgiveness could have and it was

2. Wh "Father, fo that instin Judge. B beats upon no shadow separate fr ners. Bei gressors.

3. In commande merciful, a say about can." But tom of you God for hi forgive the you, or de

ambitious to send less than 100 men to this convention, which has for its purpose no less an aim than to further the organization of the Kingdom of God among the 100,000,000 human beings which belong to the Presbyterian Church U. S. A., as her portion of the race to evangelize and baptize in this generation. The Texas Synods are talking of sending 100 men from their State.

We believe that God has ordered this convention and that He only can make it worth while. He will do so in a marvelous manner if we ask Him. We therefore urge all who read this announcement, whether delegates or not, to remember in daily prayer the interests of this great convention.

All correspondence concerning the convention should be addressed to the Secretary of the Executive Committee, Mr. B. M. Brown, 615 LeMoyné Block, Chicago, Ill., or to the undersigned.

In behalf of the Committee,

CHAS. E. BRADT,

Chairman of Executive Committee.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

Luke xxiii. 34.

1. We thank St. Luke for saving us this verse. No other Evangelist records it. Yet we had rather blot out any other single verse from the Bible than lose this first sentence which Christ uttered on the cross. In the hour of death, His chief care was still for others—and not even for His mother or His friends, but for His enemies. "Forgive them," He prayed, "they know not what they do." Here was the ruling motive of His earthly mission—just forgiveness, and how much men needed it, and how they could have it. Forgiveness is the burden of the Gospel; and it was Christ's first thought as He was being crucified.

2. When you and I come to our end, we shall pray, "Father, forgive me." The holiest saint breaks out with that instinctive cry, as he goes to meet the eyes of his Judge. But even in the fierce light of conscience which beats upon the dying, Jesus Christ had no sense of guilt, no shadow of personal sin to be forgiven. He felt Himself separate from sinners, and therefore able to plead for sinners. Being innocent, He made intercession for the transgressors.

3. In this prayer our Lord obeys His own precept. He commands His disciples above all thing to be endlessly merciful, as they hope to obtain mercy. You sometimes say about an enemy: "Well, God forgive him—but I never can." But you must have pardoned that man from the bottom of your heart before you can honestly intercede with God for his sake. Here is a test, whether you really do forgive the people who have slandered you, or wounded you, or deserted you. Try whether you can pray for them

—and sincerely mean it. Try, and see if the prayer withers on your lips.

4. Here, also, we may learn how to forgive our enemies. Think over those men and women who have done you the cruellest wrong—the treacherous, ungrateful creatures who have blackened your good name, and abused your patience and betrayed your trust, and never even seemed sorry. And then go and kneel before the Cross of Jesus Christ, and pour out before Him all the bitterness of your soul. Tell Him how they scoffed at your goodness. Tell Him how they gambled away your reputation. Show Him where they aimed the spear and where they planted the thorn—and then learn from the lips of the Crucified to say after Him, syllable by syllable, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

5. Our Lord actually excused His murderers. Not simply the soldiers who carried out the crucifixion as a duty, but also the Roman Governor who had stifled his conscience in condemning the Just—and also those priests and Pharisees who had rejected Him and hated Him, though they felt at times that they were fighting against God. For even when they came and looked on Him whom they themselves had bound and pierced, when they mocked His agony, surely those chief of sinners knew not what they did. And the Divine Intercession embraced even them.

6. Mark the unspoken implication of our Lord's prayer: "They know not what they do: but I know, and O, Holy Father, Thou knowest." Jesus Christ knew what was being done when He died. That deed done in ignorance was only once possible in human history. For it gathered up the whole rage and hatred of evil against good. It was the supreme struggle between all the selfishness of men and all the love of God. It was a deed divinely permitted, and divinely overruled. In that unfathomable passion our redemption was wrought out and accomplished. And even in the act and article of His dying, Christ sees the joy set before Him, and God sees what is making the long, sad travail of the world to be worth while.

7. Which of us properly knows what he is doing? The quality of our motives, the results of our influence and example, the issues of our lives—who can trace them or judge them, except the Judge who is God of all? There is a certain element of ignorance in all wrong-doing. You could not possibly sin that sin if you knew what a sacrilege, an outrage a blasphemy it really is in God's sight. So too, we only understand in part why the Gospel lays such imperious stress on forgiveness. The best Christian needs to be forgiven far more deeply than he knows. We cannot see how our very righteousness is spotted, stained with conceit. We are all unconscious of how much we have left undone—the misery caused by our coldness and jealousy and neglect. We do not know Christ Himself when we meet Him,



in the person of His little ones; we pass by blindly on the other side. "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?" We cannot tell. We all need to be forgiven far more than in this world we shall ever understand. And we can be forgiven, absolutely and entirely and for ever. This dying intercession utters the will of Almighty God. It is a prayer out of the bosom of the Father.

T. H. DARLOW.

THE WORSHIPPER AND THE RAM OF CONSECRATION.

EXODUS XXIX.

We have already seen that to be a worshipper we must know what it is to be cleansed from our defilement and clothed in the beauty of Christ before God. We have also noticed that the bullock spoken of in Exodus xxix. typifies our complete removal in the death of Christ—"Our old man is crucified with Him."

The next aspect of Christ's death is presented in the ram of consecration (see vv. 15-28). There are two rams. The one is offered whole upon the altar (v. 18). The other is partly burnt, and the remainder eaten by the priests. Both rams set forth the whole-hearted devotedness of Christ. In the one offered whole upon the altar, we may gather that "no man knoweth the Son, but the Father." He alone knows the infinite measure of the devotedness of Christ. It is wholly burnt, and ascends as a sweet savour to God. Jesus could say, "Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life that I might take it again."

It is good for us to ponder this aspect of Christ's death—not as dying for us, or our dying with Him, but as the One Who lived wholly to please God. He had come into the world for that purpose. It was not the legal constraint of the law upon a nature opposed to its claims, but the response of a nature that knew no desire but the will of God.

Peter tells us in his first Epistle, 1: 2, that we are called to the same kind of obedience.

This is typified in the second ram, whose blood was put on the ear, thumb, and toe of both Aaron and his sons. In the twenty-first verse the anointing oil is sprinkled with the blood. Oil is a figure of the Holy Ghost. We thus gather that a worshipper, in all that to which he puts his hand, in every place where he sets his foot, and in everything to which his ear listens, should be a constant witness to the fact that God has separated him to Himself by the blood of Christ and the gift of the Holy Spirit.

In order to do this he must be a consecrated man. Now, consecration may be translated by three other words—"fill the hand." We often hear it said, "That man's hands are full of business." Of us, as Christians, it ought to be said, "That man's hands are full of Christ." In the twenty-fourth verse the hands of the worshippers are filled with that which

speaks of Christ. We read of one loaf of bread. This typifies the pure and spotless humanity of Christ, that holy Thing that was born of the Virgin. Then the cake of oiled bread is that same blessed One Who was anointed and filled and led of the Spirit in all His service here. The wafer of unleavened bread points to Christ as the absolutely sinless One. He had no sin. He did no sin. He knew no sin.

The breast of the ram is expressive of the love of Christ—that love which led Him to die for us; the shoulder, of His power to carry out all that His love led Him to go through. He had power to lay down His life and power to take it again. This gives such a precious character to the love of Christ. All this (as we are told in the thirty-second and thirty-third verses) was to be the food on which the worshippers lived.

We feed upon Christ in life and in death. We dwell upon His devotedness and self-renunciation, and this produces its own effect. Only let us see to it that we are constantly feeding upon Christ as thus presented in the ram of consecration, and the effect will be "praise issuing forth in life." A thoroughly healthy child, having good food and good air, expresses all the overflow of life; whilst another, with bad digestion and unhealthy surroundings, will crave the enjoyment the other possesses. So it is with Christians. All are equally loved by Christ; all are equally cleansed by His precious blood; all are clothed in the best robe; but all are not in the aboundings of life. What is the secret? They do not feed upon Christ. They may know their security from judgment, they may know their acceptance in Christ; but in order to be a hallowed and consecrated company of worshippers they must feed upon Christ. They cannot take in the whole of what He is or has; they can only appropriate a bit at a time. "Now we know in part." What we have already learnt of Christ in His perfect pathway and the death by which He glorified God, is to be added to daily. Notice, none was to be left until the morning. What I learnt of Christ yesterday, is to lead me on to gather up some other perfection in Him to-day. Just as in natural things yesterday's dinner will not satisfy the cravings of hunger to-day, neither will what I knew of Christ in the past feed me in the present. He is Living Bread—the Bread of God and the Bread of Life. We are to eat to live, and we are to live to eat.

Do not be satisfied with the portion you got on Sunday; get more on Monday; go on each day. Mark—the priests feed together. We must get into company with Christians; we must feed on the Redeemer in company with the redeemed.

We also must feed for ourselves alone. In this way only will the life we have be sustained and kept healthy and vigorous. The Word of God in the power of the Spirit of God is the divinely appointed channel to feed our souls. May we be found each day discovering some fresh perfection of that all-perfect One Who is the truly Consecrated One.

H. N.

A parrot won distinction of clever and Telegraph Tarby's house. As soon as with "Hull" When she she sent at arriving he observation the remark at once, "feet." The latter, anti the indign expression upon the in the nickn see it. Y ing up the soon arrest against th

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PARROT AS DETECTIVE.

A parrot belonging to a Madame Tarby of Paris has won distinction by leading the police to arrest a band of clever and notorious burglars. The band, says the *Telegraph's* Paris correspondent, broke into Madame Tarby's house at a time when only the bird was within. As soon as the mistress returned the bird saluted her with "Hullo, big feet," much to the lady's annoyance. When she discovered the ransacked state of her house she sent at once for the police, and upon the Commissary arriving he was also greeted by the parrot with the observation "Hullo, big feet." The constable resented the remark, and said, "Hush" to the bird, which replied at once, "Oh, hurry up, big feet; you are very slow, big feet." The constable turned to Madame Tarby, and the latter, anticipating a complaint, hastened to explain to the indignant officer that the bird had never used the expression before that day. At that a light broke in upon the intelligence of the constable. "Big Feet is the nickname of a notorious burglar," he exclaimed. "I see it. Your bird has reported the robbery." Following up the clue, the burglar and his accomplices were soon arrested, and the bird is to be produced as a witness against them at the trial.

THE REAL EL DORADO.

A company has been formed in South America to exploit the real El Dorado. This is a lake situated in the territory of Colombia near Bogota, and the story is that the chief of the State in pre-European time used, twice a year, solemnly to empty a boat-load of gold into the water in order to purchase the pardon of the gods for the sins of his people during the previous six months.

At the Chapel of St. Peter in Florence there is a choir of birds, the only one of its kind in existence. The birds—300 in number—are all in separate cages, which are arranged in rows on both sides of the altar. The leader is a girl, who has had the birds under her personal training for over two years. The whole of the musical part of the service is most exquisitely rendered by them. The leader starts each hymn by whistling the first few notes, and then the birds take it up, in obedience to the movement of their instructor's hand.

THE AUTHORESS OF "THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING."

Mrs. Cousin, the authoress of many fine hymns, the best-known of which is "The Sands of Time are Sinking," died at her home, 11, Greenhill-terrace, Edinburgh, on December 6, in her eighty-third year. She continued in wonderfully good health for her age until a few weeks ago, and is survived by three sons and one daughter.

"Mrs. Cousin published a volume of her writings about twenty-five years ago under the title, 'Immanuel's Land and Other Pieces,' and later, a second edition, with some revision, was published by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., London. On turning over the leaves one is struck by the variety of metres in which Mrs. Cousin has clothed her song. The hymn which—after 'The Sands of Time'—has attained the greatest popularity is, 'O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head?' which appears in many hymnbooks. The fine hymn, which begins:

'King Eternal! King Immortal!
Only Good and only Wise!
Toward Thy temple's radiant portal
Let me lift my wistful eyes
While the Angels bow before Thee
Let a human voice adore Thee—
Here I worship, here I rest.
God o'er all, for ever blest!'

has been set to music by Mr. Gerald Cobb, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and has been frequently sung at great musical festivals. As a specimen of one of Mrs. Cousin's less known hymns we may quote:

THE DOUBLE SEARCH.

'There are two gone out on the starless wild—
Gone out 'neath the desert night,
Earth's sad and weary, and homeless child,
And Heaven's fair Lord of Light.
And one is seeking, forlorn and blind,
Can give to his loss no name;
But the other knows well what He stoops to find—
Knows well what He comes to claim.

Though the hills are dark, though the torrents roll,
By each must his path be trod;
Both seek, for the Saviour has lost the soul,
And the soul has lost its God.

That piteous cry and that tender call
Come each from a yearning heart;
Through storm and stillness they rise and fall,
And they seem not far apart.

I can hear the sound of their nearing feet
By a sure attraction drawn;
Those night-long seekers shall timely meet
As the darkness dies in the dawn."

THE COLISEUM'S LAST MARTYR.

It is a holiday in Rome,
 From cottage door to palace dome
 Triumphant shoutings rend the air,
 As, heralded by trumpet's blare,
 Proud Cæsar and the imperial court,
 To see the Coliseum's sport,
 Are borne in gorgeous panoply
 Of martial pomp and pageantry.
 Joy rules the city, for to-day
 Shall feast its eyes on such display
 Of valour and of combat bold
 As Romans knew in days of old.

Four centuries had passed since He
 Who loved and taught in Galilee
 Bequeathed His heritage of peace
 In prayer that human strife shall cease,
 And now, calm and serene among
 This eager and tumultuous throng,
 Stood one who from the desert came,
 Bearing His Master's cross and name,
 Urged hither from his early choice
 Of solitude by that still voice
 Which bade him, 'mid this scene of blood,
 Plead human love and brotherhood.

On angry sea long was he tossed,
 And many a weary league he crossed
 Ere yet the Eternal City's blaze
 Of dazzling splendour met his gaze.
 Afar her gilded temples shone
 Before her brazen gates were won,
 And well the humble monk might quail
 The world's proud mistress to assail.
 Well might he tremble at the sight
 Of arch on arch and height on height,
 As Rome's vast Coliseum stood,
 Thronged with her restless multitude!

But he had heard the heavenly call,
 And yearned to break her pagan thrall,
 And in the name of Christ to smite
 The haughty Roman's cruel might.
 Hark! hark! the noisy galleries pause,
 Then burst to thunders of applause.
 The soldiers' stirring drums resound,
 The long procession makes its rounds,
 And thousands watch the game of death
 With beating heart and bated breath,
 As on the fateful circus sand
 The gladiators take their stand!

An awful silence holds the air;
 They kneel before the imperial chair.

"Great Cæsar, hail! about to die,
 We here salute thy majesty."
 Then to the deadly combat spring,
 While cheers around the arena ring.
 When, lo! a monk with visage pale
 Leaps boldly o'er the podium rail,
 And with a giant's strength and stride
 He parts the gladiators wide;
 "Forbear thy brother's blood to spill—
 Thy God hath said, 'Thou shalt not kill'!"

And they who could undaunted gaze
 On death fall back in wild amaze,
 As if they felt an angel hand
 Their human power might not withstand;
 But like the tempest-driven waves
 The crowd in fury roars and raves:—
 "The Libyan monk, he—he shall die!"

The maddened, thwarted people cry.
 In rage the circling seats they break,
 Rude instruments of death to make,
 And murderous missiles like a storm
 Beat on the prostrate martyr's form.
 Smitten to earth the Christian lay,
 The victim of Rome's holiday.
 And yet he suffered not in vain.
 Peace rose triumphant out of pain,
 And such a halo of God's truth
 Shone round his face who found no rath
 In Roman hearts that nevermore
 Those sands were stained with human gore.
 No more the gladiator stood.
 Defiled with fallen brother's blood.
 And thus he died, victorious,
 The martyr monk, Telemachus.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Among the Americans presented at the English court during the past season was Mrs. Stewart L. Woodford, wife of the former American Minister to Spain.

The Countess de Brazza, formerly Miss Slocumb, of New Orleans, has conceived an interesting plan to succour the women and children left destitute by the recent earthquakes in Calabria, Italy. The Countess, accompanied by Signora Tittoni, wife of the foreign minister, is going personally to Calabria to execute the plan, which consists of building refuge work shops, each capable of lodging twenty-five women and fifty children, and costing about \$5,000, including working expenses. Each work shop will be named after a country, town or institution providing the funds for its erection and maintenance. Among the first foreign ones to be named will be "France," which country already has sent the necessary money.

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